



*"I didn't know you liked Batman."*



*Naughty, Naughty, Naughty.*

# PARNASSUS



*"I think it was a pigeon"*

The Literary Magazine  
Of Northern Essex Community College  
Vol. 4, No. 1, 1969

**“To be or not to be —  
That is the question.”**

This famous quote from Shakespeare seems to just as easily fit into our society as it did when Hamlet spoke these words.

When one precariously decides his position and acts it out, one can always rely on some one person or organization to seek to repress one's activities. The result — a mass stereotyping in our society. No one is considered an individual any longer. One must belong to one of the stereotyped groups — a dove, a hawk, a hippie, a suburbanite, etc. — in order to make oneself heard.

It seems very pathetic to me that in this land of “freedom” one is forced to tiptoe through life so as not to tread on someone else's beliefs and most tragic of all, to be condemned for using one's Constitutional rights.

Donna Snow

**The Marihuana Question:  
a student forum**

**HUMOR**

**Current Cinema**

**The Papal Encyclical on Birth**

**Stories**

**Poetry**

**BOOKS**

**Satire**

**Cartoons**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF — Cheryl Zakia

MANAGING EDITOR — Leo Sirois

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Carl Goulet, Patricia Garwich, Thomas Casey

ADVISOR — Mr. Gabriel Brahm

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Parnassus thanks Mrs. Roberta Froome  
for submitting some excellent material.



# Rebellion in Newark

Parnassus begins with in-depth reviews of two of the most controversial books of the decade. The first under review here is about the Newark riot. The book asks the question WHO RIOTED? The blacks or the police?

The second book, by the gifted Kozol, assailed the Boston Public School System as racist, incompetent, and plain stupid. He was fired. He won the National Book Award.

We think you'll enjoy the reviews.

Official violence and ghetto response  
By Tom Hayden. 103 pages  
A Vintage Book. \$1.65

Every since the so-called "Black Rebellion" entered the summer riot stage, the American white has probably shook his head in disbelief muttering, "I don't believe it". Americans watched their television sets during the summer of 1967, and viewed scenes of the so-called Rebellion in Newark, New Jersey. They saw both police and the National Guard crouched behind vehicles and firing their weapons at snipers who had apparently lodged themselves high in the buildings across the street. Now, the other side of the story is told.

Author, Tom Hayden, had been working as a community organizer in the City of Newark for about a year before the riots and shootings broke out. During and after the four days of terror, Hayden went about the task of rounding up scattered incidents, questioning several Negroes involved, as well as the State Police and the National Guard, and the results of that effort are summed up in his relatively short account of the incidents.

The book could stand another title, or at least some clarification. There certainly was violence in Newark, but who staged the violence? Outwardly the title would indicate the black community was on the offensive side of the rebellion, but after reading Hayden's account of the shooting incidents, one wonders if the authorities didn't stage the violence.

Hayden takes it from the top, noting the concern among the Newark community leaders that one slight incident might trigger wholesale killings and looting. Hayden notes, they talked, but that's all. The root of the problem went unchecked.

Since when does a taxi driver sustain a beating at the police station for tail-gating, a relatively minor misdemeanor. This incident provides the last ounce of energy needed to pull the trigger, setting off four days of killing and social injustices. Any member of the white middle class society that sat in front of a television set during the reporting of the trouble and said to himself "they ought to kill those niggers" should read this book. It appears the authorities did just that!!!

Why did the police handle the Smith arrest so violently? Why did they abuse him in plain sight, giving the impression that worse things were in store for him when they got back to the police station? This prompted civil rights leaders in the community to demand to talk with Smith following the arrest, and when they viewed his beaten body, this really set off the powder keg.

Hayden's account of the Newark disorders shows the inability of the Newark leaders to cope with the situation, and points out that the officials had one full day to stem the riots and take whatever action was necessary. What do they do ... they promise hundreds of Negroes, milling around the Police Station, that one policeman, a Negro, will be made Captain by the middle of the summer. How utterly inadequate!

What caused police and National Guard to fire their weapons at point blank range into an apartment house where women and children were sleeping? Why was an autopsy performed on one of the dead blacks, and doctors determined he had 45 bullet wounds? Were the rights of the individuals protected in the courts following the arrests?

Should a looter be shot at point blank range for taking a six-pack of beer? What about the alleged looting and robbing on the part of the National Guard? Hayden points out that 24 blacks were killed during that weekend in July and gives a short account of each death, when the information was available.

Hayden also probes into the death of the policeman and the fireman, two incidents that reportedly set officials seeking out Negroes with the full intent to revenge their deaths. Hayden also points out the conflicting testimony regarding the death of the two officials, questioning whether they really did die as the result of snipers, or possibly were caught in crossfire from the Police and National Guardsmen, who were firing in "all directions and at anything that moved". Certainly it is a reasonable question as to who fired the two fatal shots.

About the only thing Hayden omits is information regarding action taken by City Officials after the disturbances were quelled. Possibly that is because there wasn't any: which is the climactic anti-climactic point, alas.

Gerald R. Peabody  
Evening Division

# 'DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE'

('The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of  
Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools')

by Jonathan Kozol

First published in October 1967  
by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Death At An Early Age" is an attempt to record irregularities and injustices that obtain in an unwieldy and large urban educational system over which has been superimposed the whole of the complex issue of racial integration, an issue as political as it is social, and as a result of which Negro students suffer emotionally and intellectually.

'The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools,' is the subtitle and the premise behind the book written by Jonathan Kozol.

Mr. Kozol has constructed a series of poignant, personal experiences in support of his premise. He goes about his task in 20 chapters of brief and well paced, highly subjective observations.

The author tells us "Death At An Early Age" was put together from notes written in diary-like fashion and which he accumulated during his many months of teaching in an unnamed Roxbury ghetto school.

He tells of his arrival and experiences as a substitute teacher in the Boston Public School system during the 1964-65 school year. He admits to a lack of formal teacher training.

School discipline, curriculum, textbooks and supplies, building facilities, the teaching staff, all are given place in this 242-page book.

However, it is in the narration of Mr. Kozol's personal encounters with students, teachers and administrators, that "Death At An Early Age" comes most alive and prompts deep emotional responses from the reader.

The 8 and 9-year old Negro students in Mr. Kozol's Grade Four class are presented to us with all the predictable emotional responses, which their individual make up, its strengths and weaknesses, dictate must be manifest in an environment considerably less than ideal.

The hurt, the pain of the child deprived of educational and social benefits enjoyed in other parts of the same school system by other

students, presumably, most of them white, is described as Mr. Kozol affords us a uniquely intimate glimpse of a Negro child responding at times in the only way he can, blindly perhaps, but with a very definite message for the trained observer (the good teacher), observers Mr. Kozol assures us are lacking.

Only the bigot, the insensitive can fail to respond to the narrative as the reader is brought into intimate awareness of the Negro child-student's psychological responses to intolerable conditions.

From one chapter to the next Mr. Kozol's narrative overflows with incidents of simple lack of civility and understanding on the part of teachers, supervisors, administrators, whose attitudes and behavior within the framework of an educational system and society supposedly influenced in large measure by Judeo-Christian ethics, emerge as scandalous, understandable perhaps to some observers but most certainly difficult to forgive.

Mr. Kozol identifies with the injustices borne by his student-charges in the Boston ghetto school. He is torn by doubts concerning his past, and at times present, reactions to injustices he sees taking place. It is an awareness full of tortured candor.

Inhibited by rigidities of a curriculum he believes to be irrelevant to his students' needs, Mr. Kozol turns to art, poetry, reading materials he considers of immediate social relevance and introduces many such examples in varied instances to many of his Negro students.

All too predictably, clashes with the school's reading and art supervisors lead to a confrontation with the school principal, a matronly person Mr. Kozol equates with the whole of what he considers to be the anachronistic educational system in Boston.

Finally, Mr. Kozol's narrative brings us to the late Spring of 1965. "Ballad Of The Landlord," by poet Langston Hughes, is introduced by Mr. Kozol to his students. The poem is mimeographed and distributed to the students; it follows some recent classroom discussion of the work by the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations.

An angry parent confuses "human rights" with "civil rights" and objecting registers his



complaint with the school's principal. Accordingly, these incidents lead to the stage setting in which Mr. Kozol's cumulative "sins" against the system will result in his dismissal.

From the outset of his teaching career Mr. Kozol was disturbed and hurt by a public institution he found riddled by irregularities and injustices. Days before the end of the school year, he seems almost relieved to be told by his school principal that his services are no longer required. And he admits to this catharsis.

The literary starkness of the narrative is an effect that ensures thorough dramatization of the author's message. This is the literary hallmark of "Death At An Early Age."

As an appendix to his book Mr. Kozol has selected five documents, along with six pages of footnotes.

The first of the documents is a 14-page record of remarks, entitled "Racial Ratios," made by Boston School Committeeman Joseph Lee before a meeting of the committee March 3, 1965. It preceeds by several weeks what was to become the case of Jonathan Kozol vs. the Boston Public School System.

Lee's remarks form the basis of a parochial, wild-eyed history, in parts seemingly lacking in rationality, of socioeconomic factors out of which somehow, one does not know quite how or why, the Boston schools emerge exonerated of any failures regarding the Negro students, particularly in the so-called ghetto.

Next follows a two and one-half page report by Boston School Committeeman Thomas S. Eisenstadt dealing with his "investigative evaluation" of the reasons leading up to the dismissal of Mr. Kozol.

Eisenstadt confirms the cumulative incidents which led to Mr. Kozol's dismissal.

Eisenstadt concludes his report, which best summarizes the "official" view of Mr. Kozol's dismissal, in the following words:

"I must add that Mr. Kozol did bring to his pupils an enthusiastic spirit, a high degree of initiative, and other fine qualities found in the best of teachers. It is my hope that Mr. Kozol will develop his latent talents and concomitantly develop an understanding and respect for the value of working within the acceptable codes of behavior."

Following the Eisenstadt report there appear two Letters to the Editor which appeared in The Boston Globe editions of June 29 and July 9, 1965, respectively. One, by a Hyde Park teacher,

defends the school system, while a letter from a Brighton man bemoans the failures of the school system with regard to the Negro ghetto student.

Finally, Langston Hughes' "Ballad Of The Landlord," published originally in 1951, is presented in full. It tells of intolerable ghetto housing...of protests not to pay rent...of evictions...of police and arrests...of headlines...of white man's justice: "Judge Gives Negro 90 Days In County Jail."

I am reminded of a conversation I had not long ago with a former editor for the Gannett Newspapers of Portland, Maine. In this connection it will be recalled that during the Kennedy administration the Gannett papers had as their White House correspondent one May Craig.

Miss Craig, who retired recently, gained fame of sorts among members of the press corps assigned to the President by being singled out at many press conferences and allowed to ask what oftentime would prove to be newsworthy questions.

Back at the city desk in Portland, meanwhile, the editor who often would be given Miss Craig's "raw copy" to edit, found it to use his own word - "terrible."

I asked this editor of many years experience why it was that Miss Craig could sustain a degree of acceptability within the newspaper community if, in fact, her copy was so bad. He replied something to this effect: In this day and age a journalist can make the grade by accomplishing one or both of two things; he can be a good writer, or he can be at the right place, at the right time, with the right question. And the latter was most often the case where Miss Craig was concerned.

If "Death At An Early Age" is any kind of journalism, therefore, it is so primarily because like May Craig, Jonathan Kozol was at the right place, at the right time, with the right question(s).

It is impossible to divorce Mr. Kozol's book from its immediate historical setting. In fact, its nationwide acceptance in 1967 and since, demonstrated the existence of a certain audience which would accept and rally around any novel contribution to an issue long lacking in new dimensions.

I believe it to be nearly impossible for most responsible persons to read Mr. Kozol's book without deep emotional responses, of one kind or another, ensuing from the reading.

A review of "Death At An Early Age" by Kirkus Service describes Mr. Kozol's narrative as "written with implacable understatement."

From a journalistic point of view this description is misleading. As a journalist I have concluded that if Mr. Kozol says anything at all — from cover to cover (title included) — it is that his book is designed to get its message across with all the subtlety of a sledge hammer. And the literary starkness employed by the author is certain guarantee of this aim.

Mr. Kozol comes close to asserting without qualification that the Hub's school system is an anachronism. At the very least he implies this. And he is credible, most credible in fact, when he directs his attention to the woeful inadequacies of school buildings in which classes are held under disgraceful conditions; a curriculum that is at best antiquated; textbooks and teacher aids hopelessly out of date; a staff of teachers and lower-echelon supervisors who wallow as victims of a system that has obviously failed to keep pace with educational needs; finally, a system in which administrators and elected officials respond, in manner and words, that betray an incapacity or unwillingness to come to grips with a most pressing problem.

Mr. Kozol's litany of abuses and injustices to Negro students, resulting from either or both cruelty and misjudgements by individual teachers, is surely nothing peculiar to the Negro student of the ghetto alone. The stress placed by Mr. Kozol in his book on such incidents, eliciting as they must the reader's sense of outrage at the injustice, is not particularly unique.

These incidents are self-serving in the author's construction of a case for the prosecution.

One finds it difficult to escape the impression that Mr. Kozol considers color of skin alone sufficient to warrant the total commitment by society to the eradication of any and all irregularities or injustices inflicted, by intent or shortcoming, in the predominantly Negro public schools and at whatever cost, to the exclusion of all priorities.

Surely, the rational reply must be: Let us eradicate injustices no matter where and indeed at whatever cost.

Mr. Kozol was awarded the National Book Award for Philosophy and Religion in 1967. It is an impressive achievement. Whether "Death At An Early Age" will survive as an enduring social

document, is doubtful.

The most difficult task the reader brings to bear in an attempt to give Mr. Kozol's book an objective assessment (in so far as objectivity is possible here) is surely one's own educated reading of social conditions in the contemporary urban setting.

Published originally in 1967, two years later it is on its way to an eclipse as the dominant social commentary of the amoment dealing with the "Negro problem."

Already events in urban communities, from one end of the nation to the other, are propelling changes of priorities of action and concern in which the Negro problem becomes, in the view of many responsible persons, only one portion of a crisis.

The appalling fact of the matter is that America is just now awakening to the realization that for 1969 and years to come THE CITY IS THE GHETTO.

Mr. Kozol's major failing is his inability to perceive that the problem of the Negro ghetto child in an urban educational system is merely one facet of a much larger issue: Namely, the survival of the urban community, a community of black people and white people.

Two years ago "Death At An Early Age" seemed to say so much about a problem that could not possibly be avoided by society for another moment. Today, that problem is seen as only one portion of a whole living puzzle crying out — in every one of its pained members — for relief.

Shortly before his death in 1963, famed Catholic historian Henri Daniel-Rops predicted that the concluding third of the 20th Century would be characterized by future historians as (1) demonstrating a sense of social sin, and (2) a mounting crisis of authority.

"Death At An Early Age," and everything Jonathan Kozol did as a substitute teacher in the Boston Public Schools from 1964 to mid-1965, supports the prediction of Daniel-Rops.

"Death At An Early Age" is a symptom of despair and hope in a society torn and tortured by the need to innovate and yet retain its traditions. All of this in the face of a technological revolution mercilessly challenging man.

Upon the outcome of this complex blend of evolution and revolution may well rest the future of this nation.



## RIGHTS IN CONFLICT

A report submitted by Daniel Walker, director of the Chicago Study Team, to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence.

Who was responsible for the Chicago riots in August of 1968? Mayor Daley of Chicago who advocated, "Shoot to kill arsonists and shoot to maim looters" after the April riots? He later modified this statement but it undoubtedly had its effect on the actions of the police.

The news media, who staged fake scenes and injuries to photograph and televise, who blinded police with their lights and further incited demonstrators to ham it up in front of the cameras?

The demonstrators, who hurled four letter obscenities at police along with rocks, nail-studded golf balls and bags of human feces?

The police, who reiterated the obscenities and used their night sticks as clubs, swinging freely at innocent by-standers as well as at those involved?

The author reports on the events leading to the riots as well as the circumstances surrounding the riots. Many instances have conflicting stories and both sides are presented. No conclusion is drawn by the author, this is left to the reader.

The book contains an excellent 176 page section of photographs taken during the riots.

Patricia Garwich



"Alright, who forgot the furniture payments?"

## AIRPORT

Author, Arthur Hailey

A revealing behind the scenes look at some of the problems involved in operating a major airport during a crisis, in this case, a blizzard, intermingled with the personal problems in the lives of some of the airport personnel. Problems range from disgruntled passengers upset over delays and flight cancellations and area residents complaining of noise, to stowaways and bombs.

Suspense, romance and drama are artfully interwoven in this fast moving novel.

Patricia Garwich

## ONCE AN EAGLE

Author, Anton Myrer

The story of "Sad Sam" Damon who enlisted in the army as a private and rose to the rank of general. However, being honest and outspoken, Sam became a thorn in the side of Army brass. The book boils down to a view of Army life during war and peace and a glimpse at the women who share that life.

Patricia Garwich



## GARY PUCKETT AND THE UNION GAP

### DIANNA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES

With a unique singing style, that has set them in a class by themselves; the Supremes have for many years been the country's top female vocal group. Being a product of Motown sound they are under the directing genius of Berry Gordy Jr.

The Supremes were originally formed while all three girls were students in a Detroit high school. During the early years they worked very closely with a group later known as The Temptations. And recently, both groups have combined on an album and a television special.

Dianna Ross is the backbone of The Supremes. Besides being lead singer, Dianna is also group leader and spokesman. She says her particular style of singing has basically, nasal qualities. And in developing this technique, Dianna has made it next to impossible for anyone to copy her.

The Supremes give one of the best performances in music today. They do not use tricks or props. They don't need them. Each girl has talent, which is the quality that has brought them their success. The Supremes put everything into every song be it a quick tempo or ballad.

Holland, Doszeir and Holland are the chief contributors of supreme material. It is their songs that have enabled The Supremes to stamp their own mark on the record world.

Thomas Casey

Gary Puckett and The Union Gap started out in San Diego, California. They adopted their name from a town in Washington state, and all five are accomplished musicians playing a variety of instruments. The members are: Gary Puckett lead vocal and guitar, Paul Wheatbread (formerly of the Hard Times) on drums and percussion, Dwight Bennett guitar, saxophone, and woodwinds, Kenny Chatier base guitar, and Gary (Mutha) Whithem on organ and piano.

Because they try to do a lot of their own material, Gary Puckett hopes the group is able to reproduce, as well on stage, the exciting sound of their records. And according to Kenny Chatier (only these two were awake when I interviewed them) the Gap has been on tour every night since "Women Women" first hit the charts. Consequently, all the members are looking forward to a long vacation sometime in the near future.

The Union Gap's next album is, more or less, totally their own work. Gary Puckett, an accomplished song writer, and two other members are working on material for the album in co-operation with one of their road managers. In this album, The Union Gap will try to leave, its thus far basic theme — loneliness.

Gary Puckett says that his singing comes from the diaphragm. It is this and their distinct musical accompaniment, which make the Union Gap one of the few groups around who are truly individualistic.

Incidentally, Gary Puckett digs country western and soul.

Thomas Casey

## AN INTERVIEW WITH MIKE MONARCH OF STEPPENWOLF

Steppenwolf has been one of the hottest groups in the country since their first, "Born To Be Wild," made it high on the charts. It has taken the group a long time to get to where they are, and it took a lot of hard work. And it was this hard work that has given them their unique sound and stage appearance.

Mike Monarch is the quiet one of the Steppenwolf. Mike is also the youngest at eighteen. The following is some of the information he gave this reporter about the group.

The original group started in Canada under the name of The Sparrow. Locally they were successful, but in the United States they were murdered and thus disbanded and regrouped in California under their new name, that of

Steppenwolf.

The leader of the group is Johnny Kay who is the guitarist and songwriter. Mike plays the guitar behind John; Mike also dabbled a little with songwriting. "Jupiter's Child" was written by him and John Kay. While dwelling on songwriting Mike added that it was his brother who wrote "Born To Be Wild" under the pseudo name of Mars Bonfire.

Mike concluded by saying that now that he is a success he hopes that he and the group will always stay there.

By the by, Mike said that there are a lot of groovy people in Boston.

Tom Casey

## ROMEO AND JULIET

The movie, "Romeo and Juliet" was made for the youth of today. In it, we can identify with the characters who have found an ideal they could live and die for. That ideal is, of course, love. Again, we can identify them with our slogan, "Make love not war", for they too are crushed by a quarrel which they or anyone else knows little of.

The beautiful and alive romance of Romeo and Juliet is etched upon the background of hate, jealousy, and distrust. Their warring families, the Montagues and the Capulets, make it extremely difficult for Romeo and Juliet to see, to love, and to marry one another. The tragedy of the situation extends even to the townsfolk who take sides and fight till death as viewed in the opening scene of the movie where the Montague and Capulet factions do battle in the market square.

The parents and society have put walls and insurmountable barriers between the two teenagers. They can only meet in secret and Romeo and Juliet are not cast in that mold, for they are alive, spontaneous, fickle, and madly in love. No longer are they looked upon as over-ripened teenagers, too mature and old for their age. Romeo is played by 17 year old Leonard Whiting and Juliet by 16 year old Olivia Hussey, and both fit their roles well. Though their portrayals are raw and unprofessional – and non-Shakespearean – they are effective. They show that the love of young people is non-Platonic. Rather, it is the grasping, clutching, searching, touching love of two young people who have fallen head over heels for each other.

The famed balcony scene best typifies this. Romeo can be seen clutching to a tree one handed, leaping to the balcony and literally attacking Juliet. Juliet's equally unblushing response adds a zest which, I imagine, would make Shakespeare cringe. But they have no time for sweet talk or poetic digressions because they are in love.

Yet how can Romeo and Juliet's love blossom in such a parched atmosphere. It cannot and does not. Romeo tries to placate and join the families, but his efforts are to no avail. It is in his peaceful endeavors that Romeo meets his downfall. Tybalt, the cruel cousin of Juliet kills Mercutio, a friend of Romeo, and in turn, Romeo murders Tybalt. Banished from the kingdom, Romeo goes into hiding, hoping somehow to see Juliet once again. But now we sense that the story must end tragically. One almost wishes that the director had changed the ending so that the viewer does not have to see the once alive and vibrant young lovers lying dead side by side. To see death spring from a love so alive is indeed tragic.

Director Franco Zeffirelli has been fortunate in the casting of his characters, bringing out his themes of the generation gap and the effect that a narrow-minded adult society has on its youth. John McEnery plays a rousing Mercutio, the witty and shrewd half-mad genius in the movie. Pat Heywood as the bumbling busy-body nurse to Juliet and Milo O'Shea as the friendly and compassionate Friar Laurence also portray their characters well.

So Romeo and Juliet were overcome by their society and its cold war of hate. Being a part of such a society ourselves, we want to cry at the fate of them, for they are young and they are a part of us.

Dennis Sirois



DON ANDERSON  
&  
C. SNELL



## GRADES

There are many things which need improvement in our educational system today. One of the most important is our present grading system. The system we now have encourages students to strive for a grade and sacrifice knowledge. More time is spent in trying to satisfy professors rather than in learning. Because of this grading system, students look for professors known for their easy grading. They try to do the minimum amount of work required to get the highest possible grade. The grading system, as it stands now, encourages students to work for a grade and not knowledge.

Besides the current system being inadequate it also gives a poor representation of how much knowledge a person really has. Just because a person receives an "A" does that mean he has more knowledge than the highest "B" in the class? Many professors try to alleviate this situation by grading on the curve. This type of grading is poor because the students with the lower grades make the students with the higher grades look good. These students owe their good grades to the lower students' lack of knowledge. We must try to find a grading system that will give a better view of how much a person really knows.

One solution to the grading problem is the pass-fail system. This system would eliminate the pressure caused by the present system and students would learn for the sake of knowledge. The pass-fail system is advocated by Today's Education Magazine. The magazine explains that the pass-fail system begins by setting a minimum requirement for all students. No attempt is made, the magazine continues, to classify the students by their achievements. At the end of each semester, the professor writes an evaluation of his students. National exams are taken three times a year so that the schools can watch the progress of the students. The pass-fail system would help solve the present grading problem.

Many people feel that pass-fail system is poor because it takes away students' motives for learning. In reality students would learn more because they would be striving for knowledge and not grades. These people fail to realize that this system is for a college level where students are mature enough to accept the responsibilities and challenges a pass-fail system would offer.

Parnassus presents student opinion on a variety of subjects. To our knowledge, no Boston newspaper has been so unequivocal as Miss Ann Robertie has in her article on censorship.

Vogel on Civil Disobedience is no slouch either.

## ON THE VOTING AGE

Should the voting age be lowered to eighteen or not? This is a question in the minds of many Americans.

I believe it should be. The younger generation is so independent of their parents' ideas. They think not only of today but of the future — their world. At eighteen a boy is eligible for the draft. If he can be sent to a foreign country with orders to destroy and or, be destroyed, why can he not elect who is going to send him — or keep him at home?

Once a student graduates from high school and begins to work or perhaps to raise a family, he should have the right to voice an opinion in the government of his society.

Many may question the capacity for responsibility of an eighteen year old to learn all the facts about a candidate, or whether he can afford to devote his time as an active member of a party, while he is still in school. It was obvious in the campaigns which have ended, that students are more involved in politics than they have ever been. Many students gave up a great amount of time just to walk, door to door, talking over their candidate and his ideas with people in their community.

Today when students are so actively involved in politics and are willing to devote so much time to it, when they realize the importance of the decisions to be made, now is the time for the voting age to be lowered.

Heather Begg

Others feel that the pass-fail system would put more paper work onto the professor. Actually, the writing of a brief report would take just as much time as computing grades. The pass-fail system has been proven by Today's Education Magazine to be a good system.

The present grading system is one of the most important things which need to be changed in education today. The pass-fail system would be a big step in improving education.

Ann Robertie

## JUNK

The United States has become obsessed with any and all drugs which will either cause or change a mood. We pop pills, sniff glue, shoot heroin, and drink booze at an astounding rate. In view of this it is my opinion that something should be done to curb this evil.

According to statistics from the Federal Bureau of Narcotics ten million people are smoking marijuana; there are also another ten million popping amphetamines, while twice as many take barbituates. There are also another three million downing tranquilizers and five million alcoholics; somewhere among the multitude there are sixty thousand people on heroine, and as many on LSD and other hallucinogenic drugs.

Amphetamines can help mild depressions while barbituates can cure overwrought patients. However, the abuse of these two drugs according to former Food and Drug Administration commissioner George Larrick has led to an increase of traffic accidents, juvenile delinquency and violent and suicide. The danger does not end here, for other doctors working in Lexington, Kentucky at the Addiction Research Center report that barbituates develop tolerance in the user and make him psychologically and physiologically dependent — the three major characteristics of addiction.

Lysergic acid diethylamide — LSD — was accidentally discovered on May 2, 1938 by Dr. Albert Hofmann, a research chemist for Sandoz Chemical Works in Basel, Switzerland. Although LSD is not the first of the hallucinogenics, it is most widely used.

Now, under LSD, kids are flipping out, dropping in, hearing colors, and creeping in their

own flesh. They say they are experiencing themselves. But John Cashman, after concluding five years of research on LSD, felt, according to his book, that LSD does not really make you aware, but instead you are left insanely hung-up. In the beginning you experience light but your mind will want to reach past this until you can follow the experience as it happens and reflect upon it because you want to know where you are at.

According to Leary and Alpert, (proselytes for the free use of LSD) this is not what LSD is about. They say you can not reflect on one thing, for what you begin to perceive will move through all phases of reality. Thus, the light you received in the beginning will not be your guide in the end.

Yet, some thing in you does not want to succumb — go along with the trip. It is the inner you — Buddha — your identity, ego, that which you need to function — your commitments. It is these things that LSD is breaking inside your head. LSD is like an inner death.

However, these drugs do have a promising future. There are doctors who believe that drugs, even LSD, can not really change man's mind. One of these, Dr. J. Brown, an English psychiatrist, feels that these drugs can be used in the cure of alcoholics, schizophrenics and homosexuals.

For now, however, we must realize that drugs are not magic. They are neither God's will nor the devil's brew; they merely are. If, for instance, LSD can give heavenly visions to one and hellish dreams to another, maybe it is the user and not the drug that is inconsistent. Yet, until we arrive at definite answers about LSD, this and the abuses of the other drugs must be stopped. The price for the drugs is much too high. In the case of LSD the price is your mind and for the other drugs, according to FBN statistics, it is at least 5000 lives a year.

Leo Sirois

## “DEATH”

Here we are like grains of sand,  
Taking up space on this beautiful land.  
We have nothing to do, nothing to say.  
Whatever's within us comes out the last day.

By Michael J. Flynn



## ON CENSORSHIP

Today, censorship can be seen and felt everywhere. One of the most controversial forms of entertainment...movies, is now being debated. Censorship in movies is a way of dictating morals.

The Catholic newspaper The Pilot seeks to dictate the morals of its readers by condemning certain movies. A present bill under consideration also seeks to dictate morals. According to this bill, a federal agency would view all movies and rate them. If a movie received a certain grade, then people under a certain age would not be permitted into the theater.

Besides censorship of movies, we also have censorship in magazines. Publishers of magazines sold on the open market are restricted as to what parts of the human anatomy they can photograph. The human body is one of the most beautiful things created and if photographed in good taste, should be viewed.

As a result of censorship in magazines we have dirty magazines, and trash sold under the counter.

As well as censorship of magazines and movies, we also have our TV and radio media censored. Producers are restricted by the FCC as to the kind of language used, while on the air. Swear words which are common to our language today are strictly censored. Even the plots to certain episodes on TV are closely followed by the FCC. If a criminal is glorified, the producer and sponsors are subject to fine. Programs such as Laugh-In and the Smothers Brothers are closely viewed by the FCC, in an effort to stop the current flow or ridicule toward our administration in Washington.

There are many who feel censorship is necessary. They fail to see that much of the smut and dirt seen in the movies and magazines today is a result of censorship. There are those who feel censorship protects the minds and morals of people. They fail to see that a condemned movie is like a piece of forbidden fruit and therefore more desirable. Other people feel that censorship is good because it puts a stop to criticizing our government. Criticizing the government is good because such criticism is necessary for democratic government to function. Criticism is a healthy sign of a thinking people. We must not let censorship interfere with freedom of expression. Ann Robertie

## ON THE VOTING AGE

The question about lowering the voting age to eighteen is one of great importance. Approximately 50% of the population is under age 25, so that if the age were lowered, it could have a decided effect on an election. In my opinion, the voting age should be lowered to eighteen.

Some of the classic arguments towards lowering the age are the fact that a man can fight for his own country in war at eighteen; he is directly responsible for his own legal actions to a great extent (even though not totally until 21), and he can legally sign his name to documents without parental permission.

An eighteen year old man is given the responsibility of a lethal weapon in the armed forces; he is given the responsibility of driving a car and subject to its laws if he breaks them; he also can apply for the responsibilities that go with a hunting license which enables him to carry a weapon with him. In some states he is allowed to purchase alcoholic drinks. All of the above give an eighteen year old varying degrees of responsibility. Without lowering the voting age, an eighteen year old can legally – drink, drive, kill, hunt, and commit himself to a contract without the right to have a say as to who will make the laws to permit him to.

These people who are not in favor of lowering the age, state that an eighteen year old is not mature enough to handle the complexities of choosing a legislator. Today the majority of eighteen year olds are in college, something that most people now in their thirties and forties never had. Those not in favor of lowering the age also state that within the armed forces the people with authority and real responsibility are thirty or forty. They further contend that soldiers are told what to do and they automatically do it. They fail to realize that command is passed down to lower individuals within the armed forces and that the sergeants and corporals are actually the ones that finalize and provide the finishing touches to upper commands. Incidentally, – the immature, uneducated, unexperienced, eighteen year olds are the ones doing the fighting and they far outnumber the older fighters.

Richard Sheehan



## WHO IN '72?

In 1972, the citizens of the United States will face a monumental task. They will have to decide whether or not the Nixon administration lived up to the ideals and pledges which it was elected on or will it once again be time for change. I find myself already keenly interested in the election of '72, for it will be the first presidential election in which I will have the privilege to vote.

But this is not what concerns me now. What fires my imagination in relation to 1972, is not which party, but rather who for the Democratic Party. This question may have been very well decided last week in Washington D.C. It was there that the Senate Democrats in a secret causes ousted Senator Russell Long from the powerful but sometimes menial post of Senate Democratic Whip and in an earnest cry for new and more liberal leadership elected Ted Kennedy. What incited Kennedy to attempt this brilliant one week political coup and what has it accomplished for his party and himself?

Ted Kennedy, who has performed his duties as senior Senator from Massachusetts diligently and with due respect for his political elders for six years now, realized that an opportunity existed for him to take a giant step in senatorial status. Namely, by catapulting himself from the furthest bench in the Senate to the Democratic Party's star spokesman. He also realized the changing mood among Democrats for new, young, and vibrant leadership. He also saw, as did Edmund Muskie and Gene McCarthy, that Russell Long, who has had his share of political problems and who is not extremely popular with his colleagues, was ripe for the picking.

Politically speaking, one might correctly conclude that Kennedy's victory was a very personal triumph. His newly acquired power and influence make him heir apparent to the majority leadership in the Senate and give him a firm berth for any future maneuverability which he might find advantageous. Whatever he may accomplish for the Party and the Senate, it is obvious that his already brilliant presidential prospects are clearly enhanced.

The position of majority whip offers to Kennedy unique advantages during the next four years. With the Republicans in control of the White House and in possession of 31 of 50 governorships, the Senate now becomes the chief rostrum for the Democrats and the programs which they foster. Although the Democrats are now the "loyal opposition" to the White House, they do have firm control of Capital Hill and thus have more maneuverability

in asserting themselves than they have had with a Democratic president insistent on passing his own legislative programs. Moreover, in keeping with his newly acquired responsibilities, Kennedy will be expected to speak out on any important issue before Congress, free from the verbal attacks that he is merely promoting his presidential prospects, for it is now his duty to do so.

How Senator Kennedy will fulfill his new post will be interesting indeed, not merely for his fellow colleagues but to millions of Americans who have become infatuated with the indomitable Kennedy legend and its latest inheritor.

Kevin Brooks

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Capital punishment is a deterrent against crime. Why do I favor the death penalty? Why do 913,145 Massachusetts residents favor Capital Punishment? Why is crime increasing and what is the cause of its increasing? Maybe we know something that those opposed to Capital Punishment have become too oblivious to realize.

F.B.I. director J. Edgar Hoover says that crime in New England is soaring. According to the Uniform Crime Report, during the first nine months of 1968 crime in New England rose 25%. For the past few years, crime has been on the rise and is beginning to skyrocket. Here in Boston major crimes increased, rape leads by jumping up 54%. Throughout the nation rape increased 17% and murder went up 15% while other violent crimes as a group increased 21% nationally.

The death penalty is an essential deterrent against crime. This is shown by the fact that for the past 28 years Capital Punishment has not been enforced and the crime rate is soaring. What is causing this rise? Can it be the permissive attitude that has been creeping into our society or the laxity of the law? Or can it be because certain individuals or minority groups are undermining our attempts to deter crime without realizing it? Ex-Governor John A. Volpe who couldn't release Brinks robbers faster than they could rob armored trucks, is a classic example of how individuals complicate the fight against crime. Again Volpe was a road-block in the prevention of crime by refusing to carry out any execution during his reign as governor. This gave the criminals a sense of freedom from punishment.

Also a great campaign is being waged by groups of people who are blind to this increase in crime. Blind and fanatical in their attempts to abolish the only solid deterrent against crime. Who are these do-gooders who believe that Capital Punishment is inhuman? They are those organized into groups known as the Massachusetts Council for Abolition of the Death Penalty with Crosby Forbes as the president. Also there is the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment whose membership consists of one person, Mrs. H.B. Ehrmann. During the last election these two groups spearheaded one of the most fanatical campaigns ever conducted to abolish Capital Punishment. They pushed ads on TV, bought up space in the big newspapers and wrote to

various "letter to the editor" columns pleading for voters to vote no on referendum No. 6 – Death Penalty. As it turned out their efforts were fruitless, for the citizens of Massachusetts who are concerned voted 2–1 in favor of Capital Punishment.

The majority of Americans want the Death Penalty because they know that it is necessary. The do-gooders who are against Capital Punishment are gaining some support from people who don't care or have an interest in crime prevention. Also they are using religion as a means of gaining votes by appealing to the "conscience" of religious people. We must put a halt to this disservice to our country by not letting these minority groups infect our way of thinking with their "inhuman" ideals. For who are the inhuman ones, the ones who fought against crimes with strict punishment, the victims of these murders and criminals, or the ones who protect the criminals and allow them to butcher their victims without fear of Capital Punishment?

Paul Borowski

## CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

The responsibility of a man to disobey an unjust civil law is imposed upon every citizen within a society. If a man sincerely believes a law morally wrong, it is his duty to himself and his fellow countryment to disobey that law or to change it within the limits of the law. He must be able to justify his actions to the society; he must know his motives and make his objectives clear. It is the personal and social obligation of every man to do at any time what he thinks right.

Henry David Thoreau, in his essay "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," expressed his views in this way:

...but if it is such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to

another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine. What I have to do is to see, at any

rate, that I do not lend myself to the wrong.

I condemn.

If a law is against what a man believes, and can justify, he should go to jail before supporting this law. Thoreau, in "Civil Disobedience" wrote, "Under a government which imprisons unjustly, the true place for a just man is also prison." John Cogley, in "Dissent Is Not Enough," explains that under extreme pressure the Nazi concentration camp leaders, in World War II, had but two choices, to obey the orders given them, that is to liquidate the inmates of the prison-of-war camps or to be liquidated themselves. Bayard Rustin, in "The Political Response Must Be Weighed," points out that under similar conditions, where no political response could be reached, men have accepted the responsibility of disobedience.

Prison was not the ultimate penalty placed upon the Nazi leaders, death was their fate for civil disobedience. Is the price of civil disobedience equal to the value of one's life? A person's own beliefs can be the only standard for support or limitation on civil disobedience; it has the value placed upon it by the individual. The Nazi war leaders valued their lives more than their moral actions, they preferred obedience to death.

We today do not face death for civil disobedience. That does not lessen the cause for disobedience. We can not follow laws or leaders we feel are not the best. These laws must be changed, if by protest and disobedience we must, for the good of our society, for the good of our country. Forbid the day when Americans may not dissent.

Civil disobedience is an act by a person who believes that obedience is morally wrong. He must justify his actions and accept the result of the judgement of his society.

Charles Vogel



"I'll buy Baltic Ave. and pay a 3% sales tax,  
a 20% real-estate tax, a 10%  
bird tax,...."



# THE KNIFE

I set the nose of my aircraft in a dive at forty-thousand feet. Glancing around my cockpit to make sure everything was in place, I double checked the chute and survival equipment. Something was missing – my knife! Had I forgotten to fasten it to my leg when I left home this morning, or did I lose it on the way to the airbase? I'd sure hate to lose that knife. I paid eighteen dollars for it at the PX last week. It certainly was pretty: black handle, silver-blade, a little bit longer than regulations permit, but the other pilots liked it.

....Now to level off at thirty-thousand feet; almost out of it. This G-suit really put on the pressure to keep me from blacking out. "Can't seem to pull back on the stick. It's jammed!"

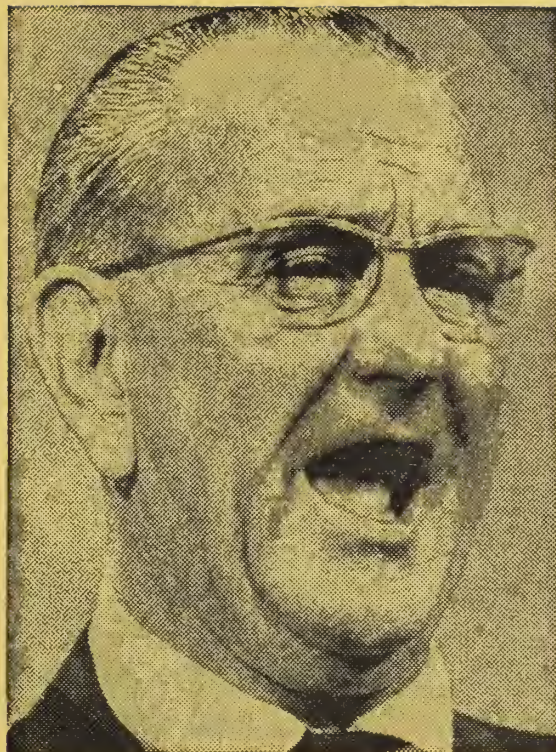
I've lost my flight controls and have just passed through the twenty-thousand foot level. I'm going out of control-spiraling towards the ground....I've got to get out of here before I crash....my seat grips are jammed! "I can't get out."

Bowing my head so as not to witness the inevitable end, my eyes focused upon a shining object stuck in the corner of the ejection seat that would propel me to safety. "The knife!" The handle was jammed behind the stick, and the point of the blade was wedged in the mechanism that would fire the seat and myself out of the aircraft. I reached quickly for the handle of the knife. Gripping it tightly, I pulled furiously. It was free! I pulled back slowly on the stick to bring it under control and pull it out of its deadly plunge. The ground was still coming up faster and faster....then the horizon started to fall below me as the wind burned its way across the wings of my plane and changed the angle of attack in which I was headed. I made it!

But something was wrong, everything was turning gray! Just then I realized what had happened. When I pulled the knife out of its jammed position I had inadvertently cut my G-suit. Darkness was overcoming me now, I could feel myself going numb. With one last effort I reached for the seat grips, pulled them up, and squeezed the triggers.....

The chute, looking like a huge white mushroom, blossomed above my head. Reaching for the nylon shroud lines I noticed something fall from my numb hand. My eye caught a glint of sunlight reflecting off the blade as it plunged to the earth below.

Paul Borowski



B-u-u-R-P! Oh Those TEXAS BAR -B-Q's

## GAINING GROUND

"So, now she's going to Los Angeles. Does she really expect to find a better life there? It's ridiculous. First she starts going to Laguna Beach every summer to live with her 'artist' friends. Now, and I quote here, 'I need some room to really breathe.' Los Angeles. She thinks the city is paved with gold.

"Now now, Amanda. Don't be so harsh with the girl. She knows what she is doing," replied Alfred Ruler to his wife. "It is not that bad."

"Not that bad!" her voice almost trembled. "We're good enough for her to leech from us during the school year, then she slaps us in the face and takes to the beach for the summer. Now it's Los Angeles. She used us while she went to college, yet she never finished that, only a year. How do you expect her to find a decent job now?"

"I tell you, Amanda, she'll do fine," was Alfred Ruler's weak reply.

So Zoe Ruler left Trabuco Canyon and moved to Los Angeles. She rented an apartment with Belinda Nielson whom she met through an ad in the "L.A. Times" classified.



Belinda had a car which Zoe often used, usually in quest of a job. On a drive down to Newport she remembered how she thought a job would be easy to find in L.A. "There are so many opportunities there for a secretary," she had chirped to her mother," land companies, developments, law firms, everything and anything."

She soon learned that there were opportunities but not for her. She had neither a degree nor experience. The competition was high. Sure she could type and take shorthand. She was also charming and impressed people (good qualities as a hostess to her employer's guests). Yet she could not gain that magic position without an impressive application.

It was the same story at Macco Realty at Newport. They couldn't use her.

Her search was useless. She would never find the job she wanted – her office, coffee, luncheons, executives. But she had to find a job. When she returned to the house, Belinda was waiting. "Zoe," she said, "I just talked to Mr. Salvdos, the manager of the Taco Bell up on Eastmont Drive. He needs a waitress at a new drive-in restaurant. Well I told him I had a friend who may be interested. What do you think? We all need money."

Zoe thought for a moment, "I should take it. Belinda has practically supported me. I haven't helped at all. Even if it is a waitress job, it will only be temporary."

"I'll go," she told her helpful friend.

Zoe went to the Taco Bell and did get the job.

Meeting new people, even if many were still in high school, made her job bearable. At times she even felt she liked it.

This went on for four months. Zoe and Belinda became close friends. Zoe depended on Belinda for many things, her car, electric hair-dryer; Belinda bought the groceries and did most of the housework. Most of all, Belinda paid half of the rent.

About three weeks before Christmas Belinda received a letter from her parents in Oakland. They wanted her to come home, not just for the holidays, but for good.

Belinda and Zoe argued and argued. Belinda had decided to go. Zoe naturally, was dead against it. After all, now she'd have to find a new roommate. And how could she keep the apartment until she found one?

Belinda left and an ad was placed in the "L.A. Times" for a roommate. Zoe had to struggle and work overtime to keep the apartment and live. She couldn't even afford a Christmas tree.

A month passed by and Zoe felt she was

defeated. She walked to work in a half-dazed stupor. Her eyes stung from the smog which grew so heavy at times that it was difficult at times to breathe - she could taste it.

At the time she was depressed the most, supertime (for now she had to cook, eat, and clean up alone), she received a phone call. It was Win Realty. Belinda had not forgotten her friend.

Win Realty from San Francisco just opened an office in Los Angeles. Since Belinda's father was employed by the company, he knew a manager in personnel who could take care of Zoe.

She had finally gotten the big break. Not only would she have the work she wanted and a higher salary; she'd be building experience needed to go ahead.

They told her little on the phone, only to report to the business office in the morning. Imagine that. A business office! And she would start work so late. Banker's hours. It was going to be great. She was finally going to be a secretary.

Zoe woke up at six the next morning. She bathed, ate her breakfast, changed her clothes four times, and spent forty-five minutes on her hair.

She walked out into the smog – drenched morning, regretting that Los Angeles had no rapid transport system. She had to walk everywhere, and the traffic was always heavy and fast – merciless. Stopping two doors before the office, she wiped the tears away from her eyes caused by the biting smog. Cursing the air, she walked to the door and entered.

"Good morning," she said to the receptionist, "I'm Miss Zoe Ruler." Her name was Mrs. Blackstock. "Please go down to room five."

"Thank you."

Zoe found room five in the basement. It was the mailroom. "You must be our new mail-clerk," said a boy about seventeen. He didn't bother introducing himself. "Take these brown partitioned bags and put the incoming mail for each office in the slot designated. When you deliver the mail, ask if there is any outgoing mail and bring it back here. That's all there is to it. Not hard." He left the room.

"A mail-clerk! What happened to my office? the coffee; the luncheons?" Zoe was crushed. Was this her start in a career? Was this all Belinda had gotten for her?

Half a year passed in the mailroom. Zoe tried to make friends with some of the secretaries, but most of them were too wrapped up with their work or their bosses to pay much attention to

the girl down in the mailroom.

Zoe was writing to her parents more often now. Alfred Ruler was very proud of his daughter. After all she was twenty years old and living on her own.

On receiving a letter from her parents Zoe was surprised to see that they wanted her to take a vacation and come home and visit for a while.

Miss Blackstock said it would be no problem for her to leave for a week or two; they could manage.

She arrived at the house in Trabuco Canyon on a warm sunny day. She glided down the palm tree lined walk up to the front porch and entered the doorway.

She stopped there and looked out. Off to her left she noticed that the corral had been expanded. The horses needed more room.

Directly in front of her she saw about a dozen head of cattle. "Silly cows," she thought, "don't they know where they belong. They must have strayed in through a broken fence from Rancho Viejo."

"Zoe!" exclaimed Amanda Ruler. "You're here! We didn't expect you until this afternoon."

Amanda Ruler was still dressed in her night clothes. Alfred Ruler then came down the stairway.

"Zoe, my child. It's so good to see you. Why you've put on weight. You must be enjoying that city life. At least I can see they don't overwork you at that realty company."

"Hello Papa. It's good to see you too. I've missed you both."

"We know dear," replied Amanda Ruler.

"You'll have to tell me everything about Los Angeles. After all we only have a week. Or did you get two weeks off?"

"Mama, Papa, I'd like to talk with you about my job."

"Oh yes, do," said Amanda Ruler, "we're dying to hear about it."

"What I meant is, I don't know if I really like it. I don't think it's what I'm looking for."

Zoe knew what she was looking for. She really didn't want to be alone in Los Angeles. A mail clerk. She wanted to do it the right way. With her parent's help, since she needed them.

"Oh Zoe," said Alfred Ruler. "We're not angry with you anymore. When you first left, we thought you wouldn't make it in L.A. You'd have to come back. I only let you go so you could learn a lesson about growing up."

"But I guess you fooled me. You did get a good job, and with Win Realty. That's a big outfit. No telling where you may go from there."

"So don't worry about us, dear. We know you're settled now and happy. That's all that matters. Why only last night Amanda and I were planning a trip to L.A. to see you this summer. L.A. isn't that far."

Zoe stared out the open window. She breathed deeply and gazed at the open sky.

"Oh damn!" yelled Alfred Ruler. "The vent in the fireplace is stuck. I can't get it open."

The room filled with smoke.

Art Apostolar



"Was that staff meeting for today or tomorrow?"

## The Snowstorm

As in all New England snowstorms, the night was filled with a cold biting wind which swirled the snow and rendered travelers almost blind.

And such a traveler was now walking home from the corner bar. He ambled along with his hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched, and chin pressed against his chest to protect himself from the slashing wind. He dangled a cigarette from his lips, although he knew that he would not remove his hands from his pockets to get at it; he had the habit so he kept it in his mouth.

The wind seemed to die down for a second, and being able to see a bit better; he could distinguish in the snow in front of him footprints. Though the prints were now almost covered he could see that they were narrow yet a fair distance apart from each other. From this he assured himself that the possessor was a tall lanky man. He lengthened his strides to the steps of the tall man's tracks.

Suddenly his mind flickered from one dream to another. He saw himself as a great detective in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Boston; solving fantastic crimes and murders on just the barest of facts. His name was known all over the world. And now the Mafia and other nether-world organizations were out to kill him. However, he was able to thwart all attempts and apprehend the offenders...

Unwittingly, as his mind was flying high, he had reached the edge of the Street lamp's halo and had stepped on a patch of ice which had sent him tumbling to his knees.

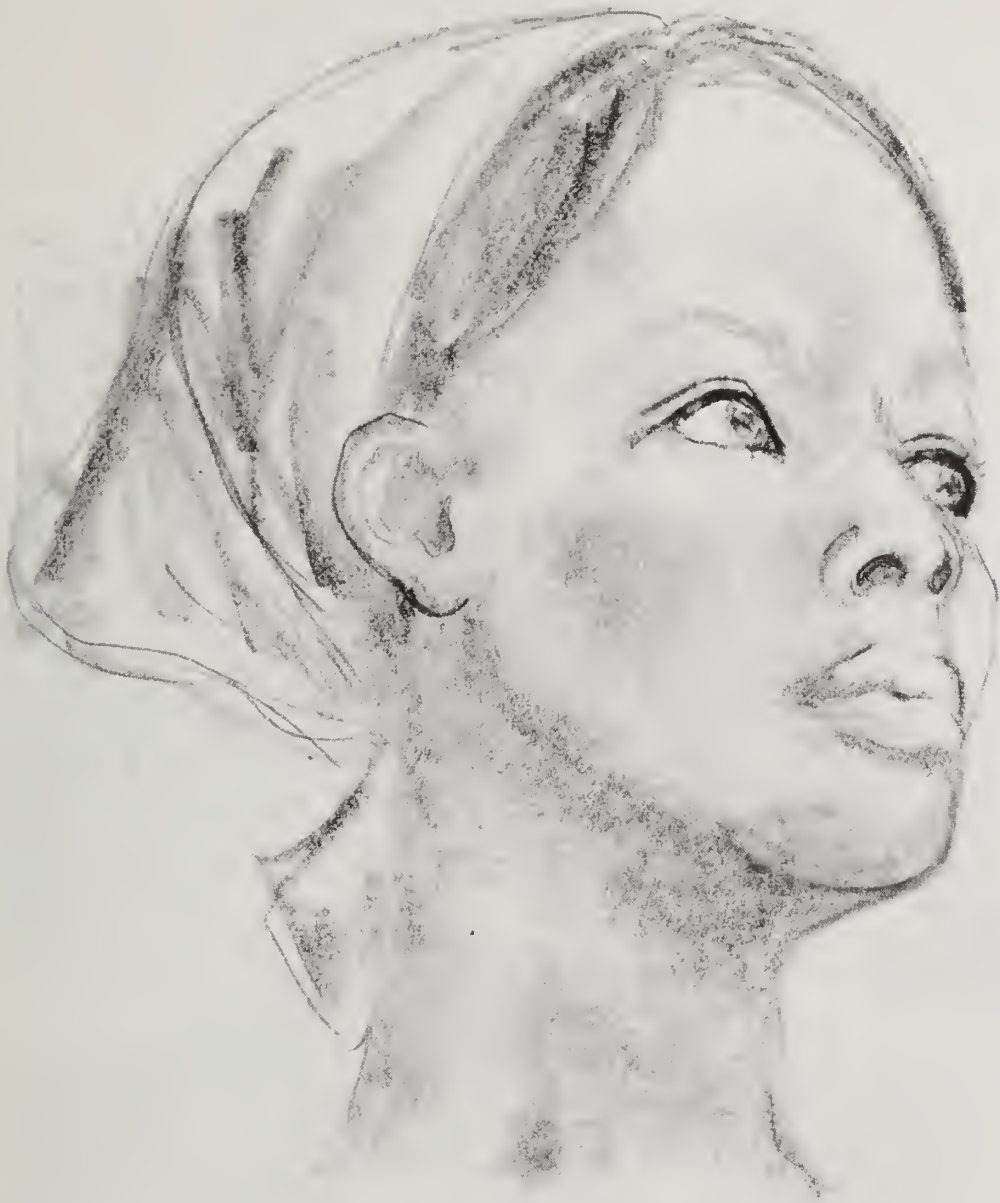
His reverie interrupted, he picked himself up; brushed himself off; and cursed himself about his now painful knee.

In the seconds that it took him to realize his blunder he took a quick look around, and hoped that no one had witnessed it. Luckily for him, the wind was again blowing strong, and in the swirling snow he was positive that no one could see him. He turned again into the wind and quickened his pace home.

His steps were reluctantly reduced to their former size.

Leo Sirois





187. CARVER



C. SNELL

# ON THE ROAD

"Ya, well ya know they like to say do your own thing but ya know they all kinda do about the same stuff" said the nameless hitchhiking hobo thankful for a ride and a respite from the suffering of a cold day which is part of the price he pays for his freedom.

He had looked me over while bending into the car; and seeing I was the young bushy-haired, booted type went into a narrative about how only the young fellows will pick up the old bums like him nowadays. The fat old business men, he said, pick up no one or just clean cut types. A good thing they do, too, he laughed with a snort and a frightening clap of his hands.

He continued saying what a nice guy I was until he was sure I'd give him a little "coffee money" and then started philosophizing a bit, unknowingly giving me a much needed interview.

Between swearing and the above mentioned snorts and violent handclapping, he said he was a hobo because he was too selfish to live or work with anyone. He wanted to do as he pleased even if he occasionally froze in the cold of winter and loneliness.

After again glancing my way he said he understood the young people's philosophy of personal freedom but didn't think young people understood themselves.

He was bored by the young religiously mouthing off about their own thing and them all acting about the same. Drugs and loose living must be the only "things" they know, he laughed through a violent snort from his upturned hairy nose.

After lazily staring out the window for awhile, he resumed railing against young people. Love, he snorted; help the poor, he roared with laughter which faded into a loud yet paternal voice soothing the interesting to listen to even if it were reciting Spenser's "Faerie Queene" in Tahitian.

He got a big kick out of the people who simultaneously flashed proud smiles and the peace sign with their fingers, and talked of love

and felt guilty about their wealth while they continued to drive around in their Mustangs, ignoring bums and Salvation Army people, and then when called by the armed forces running to Canada instead of confronting the problems of conscription, war, and moral obligations.

When we arrived at his exit on the highway, and he did ask for a little "coffee money" which I by now couldn't refuse him, he left unhappy and unsad leaving me either a reporter with an interview or another duped victim that bums wine line.

John Johnson



"Sir, you are under arrest,  
you have the right to remain  
silent, you have...."





## IF ONLY IT HADN'T BEEN RAINING

As I walked by Nick's house, a deafening roar sent a chill through my body and shattered the stifling serenity of that sticky August day. Nick, at the wheel of his monster, thundered out of his garage and, stopping short at the end of his driveway, yelled, "Come on, Old Boy! Let's try it out." I could barely hear him over the roar of the engine. 'Try it out!' Christ! I'd been waiting for this day for three years.

"Is it...is it okay? I mean, It's finished, isn't it? Complete?" I asked.

Nick smiled. "You don't think I'd take it out if it weren't, do you?"

As I strapped myself in, he explained all the gauges, the controls and the capabilities of the machine.

"Only 185?" I kidded him.

The sky was covered with rather ominous-looking clouds, but we put the top down anyway. As we sped down the boulevard on that hot Sunday afternoon, I kept thinking how proud Nick was of this hunk of plastic that he had built from a veritable wreck into a perfectly balanced and infinitely powerful sports car. He was a rather crude fellow, but with an astounding understanding of mechanical engineering.

"Hey, Nick," I hollered, for the noise from the chrome-like pipes was almost unbearable. "How much did it cost? I mean, what do you think you've sunk into it so far?"

As we turned onto the highway, Nick yelled, "About five grand...and that's not including three years' labor, the frustrations, headaches and all. But it's all been worth it. I know that now and I knew it then."

Suddenly, as if to prove to me the car's value, Nick power-shifted the monster from fourth to third and the speedometer literally jumped from 70 to 100 and, three seconds later, shot up to 150 as Nick smoothly slipped it back into fourth. And we settled down to a stable but insane speed of 135. Frightened? A little...but Nick had distinguished himself as a driver for five consecutive years at Daytona, and that was good enough for me. So I relaxed and enjoyed the breeze.

Minutes later we pulled over for some gas, just as five young boys in a hotrod were pulling

away. As they were about to enter the highway, the driver suddenly slammed on the brakes, jammed it into reverse and pulled up next to us. The dirty, fat-faced fellow sitting in the death seat took a long look at the car, then at Nick, then at the car again. Three heads in the back seat nodded among themselves in silent approval. Then all five of them got out to inspect the car more closely while the attendant filled our tank.

"What the hell is it?" the fat one asked.

Nick said nothing. A rather base looking bunch, the others continued to walk 'round and 'round, their mumbling and whispering increasing in intensity, and it seemed as though they might suddenly pull us from the car, beat us to death and drive merrily away.

"Hey, buddy, I asked you a question. You deaf or sumpin'?" said fat-boy.

Nick turned to him suddenly and was about to reply, when the driver interrupted, "Okay, Pigpen, lay off!" And then to Nick: "That's a pretty cool machine, friend. Glass, huh?"

Nick nodded, but before he could get in a word, the boy rambled on, "One of those foreign jobs, huh? What's it do? A hundred, maybe? It's kinda loud for a foreign job. Side exhausts, huh? No mufflers...that explains the sounds."

Little did he know that under the hood of Nick's monster sat a perfectly machined, purring Ferrari V-12.

Then up piped Pigpen, "Wha'dya say, Skeets? Think ya ken beat 'im? I think ya ken, Skeets. I think ya ken blow his doors off."

All this time neither Nick nor I had said a word.

Skeets moved closer to Nick. "Let's race...quarter mile...fifty bucks?"

Nick quickly interrupted, "Listen, I'd be glad to race, but I warn you, I've got..."

"You've got! Got what? What the hell could you have in that baby carriage that can come close to my machine?" Skeets demanded.

"All right wise guy. 'You're on,'" said Nick. "But no money. I don't like robbing little kids."

"Okay Grandpa," snarled Skeets. And then to his boys: "Let's go, guys."

The gang climbed into their make-shift hotrod and together we turned onto the deserted highway, driving side-by-side at a snail's pace,



Pigpen all the while taunting Nick with sundry intelligent remarks. But this didn't bother Nick; in fact, I've seldom seen him bothered and I've never seen him scared.

The skies were now thoroughly overcast and the wind had picked up a bit, blowing a raindrop into my face. A few drops were scattered here and there on the windshield, but I thought nothing of it. Nick and Skeets then brought the cars to a stop as Pigpen squealed, "We go from here to da firs' exit. Watch me, 'cuz I give da signal when I drop my arm."

At the signal, we tore off for the exit, tires screaming, engines roaring and Nick calmly going through the gears as though he were born to it. After beating the young punks pretty badly, we pulled into the breakdown lane to talk. Soon the hotrod pulled alongside and Skeets got out to demand a re-run. Nick told them flatly that they didn't have a chance, that he tried to tell them that before and that now they should go home and chalk it up as a loss.

"Look, we beat you. That's all there is to it."

Skeets and Pigpen got out of the car and walked up to Nick. "Uh," Skeets said. "Listen...I uh, I missed a shift back there and I want to try it again. Let's go...one more time."

Nick looked at the young boy and, in a mocking yet fatherly tone, answered, "Look, sonny, first of all, I heard your shifts...you didn't miss. Secondly, if you still insist you missed, I suggest you get a new shifter or take some driving lessons. Thirdly, I'd rather not waste the gas." And, besides, it had started to rain.

The hoods got back into their car. Nick, thinking they had given up, looked at me with an expression of relief. "We shouldn't have bothered with those clowns, but nothing will come of it now. I'm sure glad they're leaving."

But no such luck, for Skeets pulled the hotrod over and blocked our path with the right-front fender. I then heard Pigpen yelling excitedly, "Come on, Skeets. Let's cut 'em up a little."

A fellow from the back seat handed Skeets a baby stiletto, as Pigpen, flourishing switchblade, suddenly leaped from the hotrod. Nick, acting in a flash, opened his door and slammed it hard against Pigpen's obese form, splattering him all over the road. Then the rush was on. The other three punks struggled desperately to get out of the car, while Skeets

was rushing toward me.

"Gotta get out o' here," snapped Nick, now visibly frightened.

How? But Nick gave me the answer as he floored the Ferrari, shoving the hotrod out of the way. And the rain was coming down harder, but Nick didn't seem to notice. We flew down the highway at a ridiculous speed, the hotrod all the while trying to catch up. Nick said we'd lose them in a minute, but no sooner had he spoken when the front end started to shake. The blow had caused some damage to the left-front wheel assembly...just enough so that we had to keep it below 120. The hotrod was gaining and the rain was falling harder. Seeing the futility of trying to lose the thugs on the open road, Nick decided to get off the highway. We entered the next exit at a speed of 110. We would have made it had the ground been dry. If only it hadn't been raining. As we drifted into the sharp, right-hand turn at the bottom of the ramp, Nick, his face white as a sheet, lost control. We spun out, slid sideways into the curb, rolled twice and landed upright on the median. The skies grew blacker as we sat in the incessant downpour.

"Those dirty \*\*\*\*\*...those dirty \*\*\*\*\*..." and he swore over and over apparently to nobody...not to me, not to himself...and then: "We're going to get it now, Old Boy. God, I'm scared."

He started shaking all over, and then, in a flood of tears, he broke down completely. Neither of us could move. We were trapped, and the worst was yet to come. Lucifer himself could not have been more unwelcome as the hotrod skidded to a screeching halt and out danced Death's five henchmen. I looked at Nick, but he had now passed out. Skeets and Pigpen now stood on either side of the wreck, and who knows where the others were? It hardly mattered. We couldn't move.

"Trapped!" I thought to myself. And I suddenly felt weak, queazy. Skeets, with a devilish grin on his face, placed his blade to Nick's throat. Revived by the pinch of cold steel on his death-white skin, Nick opened his eyes and, spying the blade, let loose a blood-curdling scream. And then there wasn't a sound.

Pigpen and the others had left in the hotrod. Skeets, now standing next to me, put the blade to my stomach and, with a flick of his wrist, cut loose my straps.

"Where are the others? What are you doing?"  
I demanded.

"Take it easy," he said. "They've gone for  
Pigpen's wagon and a couple of stretchers."

The rain had stopped and the last rays of the  
sun were breaking through a hazy western  
horizon. Nick was still out. Soon the others  
returned with the wagon and helped me out of  
the wreck and onto a stretcher. Glancing back, I  
saw Pigpen trying to lift Nick from the wreck.

"Hey, Skeets," he yelled. "Over here! Quick!  
This guy here...he looks okay, but he ain't"

And he wasn't. Nick was dead.

JOHN C. CHIUNGOS

i am alone  
like the ocean's beach on a cold winter night  
laying here awake  
remember, earlier we were together  
the fire between us  
we were one  
we held hands  
kissed  
touched  
together  
how i wish you were here  
now  
i can not smile with you away  
come  
to me  
with me  
i wait for you  
i always will

Charles Vogel



"Now where did I put my glasses?"



# A Little Bit of Advice

Luisa Gonzales hesitated in the doorway. She studied intently the man across the room sitting at the green office desk, writing in what appeared to be a black notebook.

How long, Mr. Moore, are you going to make me stand here feeling like a child again, being sent to the principal's office. I'm not a child anymore. I'm 22 years old. I'm a teacher, and I want to teach in your high school. She mentally assailed him.

As if her thoughts had suddenly burned into his brain, Mr. Moore deliberately raised his head and looked at Luisa Gonzales standing in the doorway studying him.

For the third time in four months, Luisa found herself facing this strange man before her. She could not understand his attitude toward her, no matter how hard she tried.

She thought back to the first day of school in September. She had lain awake the night before, pondering how to introduce herself to her students. She wanted, desperately for them to understand her love of art and she just as desperately wanted to share this love. For Luisa, art was an integral part of everything she saw. She managed to see beauty in the worst ghetto and appreciate it. She would also shudder at the cruel ugliness that would always surround this beauty. She wanted to teach this to her students also—ugliness. Not the kind of ugliness some would find in an unorthodox bronze statue. She could always find beauty in this. But the kind of ugliness in a polluted river or in some starving child's face; this is the kind of ugliness Luisa hated. She made no separation between art, beauty, and nature; to her they were the same. Full of all this love, she had walked quickly to her first class. Halfway there, she met Mr. Moore.

"Good morning, Miss Gonzales. You certainly look exuberant this morning."

"Oh I feel wonderful," she had enthused.

"Well, try to control that feeling in class. Those kids just get too hard to handle if you let your guard down around them. Before you know it, they'd be running the class and you'd be sitting in a corner," he paused, then added triumphantly, "playing with your clay."

"Of course, I'll be stern when necessary; but I see no reason to present myself as an ogre the first day of school."

"I'm merely trying to help you, Miss Gonzales. I realize you're young and enthusiastic, but within six months I can almost

guarantee that you'll be just like the rest of the teachers here."

Luisa wanted to ask just what that meant, but decided against it. Instead, she had thanked him for the advice and walked away.

"One more bit of advice, Miss Gonzales," Mr. Moore had called at her retreating back. "I think that it would create a better atmosphere for everyone here if you wore your skirts a little longer. Don't you agree?"

Her face crimson, she had nodded her head in assent and had walked on.

The whole conversation had depressed her; and her first day teaching was blighted because of it.

Mr. Moore's tight voice brought her back to reality. "Please have a seat, Miss Gonzales, although I'm beginning to find the need to call you to my office a little tiresome. I have been patient with you. I have politely asked you to discontinue your extravagant mode of teaching. But you continue to defy me."

"Mr. Moore," Luisa broke in. "I'm not purposely trying to defy you. It's just that I want to teach my students to love art. Art is in everything we see and it's important that —"

"Please, Miss Gonzales, no sermons. All I know is what I see; and what I see is not what I call art. You've got paintings and objects down there that look like a two year old did them. You have an easy job. Why make it difficult for yourself? Teach those kids to make a few ashtrays and draw something decent; and they'll be happy. Right now they're just taking advantage of you and I don't blame them. Records playing, no discipline, it's like a zoo down there. And those ridiculous field trips, Miss Gonzales, are they really necessary? I know you're probably overwhelmed with your success with the students, but don't let them deceive you. It isn't you and your art they're flocking to, it's that free atmosphere down there. This is the last time I'm going to warn you. Now don't you agree all this has to stop?"

Miss Gonzales sat motionless. Her face held no expression. Finally, she murmured inaudibly, "Yes, of course."

"I knew you'd understand eventually," Mr. Moore said, smiling. "All you needed was a little bit of advice."

D. Snow

# Thumbs Up

It was mid-July and the meadows had just been cut for the first time for the hay that was so precious to the farmer. The fields had been reduced to stubble, a paradise for the woodchuck hunter. When the grass is too high, the chuck can go about his business without much worry from hawks, owls or man. At this time, however, merely getting enough to eat becomes a chore. To venture away from the shelter of the hole would certainly be putting oneself in jeopardy.

At the pre-determined time, David honked the car horn and a figure emerged into the grey-blue light of a July dawn. Together we drove to a maze of fields we usually hunted. The owner of the fields, a farmer, was anxious to rid himself of the tractor-traps that woodchucks carefully disguise in the form of dens, so it was easy to obtain permission to hunt.

David stationed himself at the edge of one rolling field with a view of several others. Crawling toward a hole that I knew was in use from previous experience, I lay down in the morning dew to wait for the prey to emerge from its night sleep. Glancing behind me, I saw that David had begun a stalk toward what appeared to be a small fencepost planted in the field about mid-way across. Inch by inch Dave moved toward the erect chuck. It was rather amusing. He looked like a soldier trying to keep from being shot while negotiating a field of barbed wire. As suddenly as it has appeared the chuck was gone. Dave hurriedly got close enough to the den to offer himself a good shot should the chuck appear again.

As for myself, I was sitting statuesque on a small knoll overlooking the quarry's den. After watching the amusing actions of my cohort, I glanced toward the prime objective. There he was sitting up straight as a two by four staring straight at me. Now it was my turn to try and get close enough for a shot. Crawling on my belly in the wet grass was no fun but it was something that had to be endured if the objective was to be reached. This wetness brought back memories of many mornings exactly like this one in the same spot. This chuck was something special. He was the biggest and the smartest one around. Time after time,

I'd get just close enough only to have him jump into a rear entrance. This time, I vowed, would be different.

Slowly, the chuck, convinced that everything was as it should be, began to feed. Farther and farther away from safety he moved, and closer and closer toward him came I. It was unlike him to move so far from his familiar circle of ground, and I took every advantage of it. What seemed to be two hours passed and I found myself at the front door of his palace. The beast's retreat had been cut off; he no longer had any shelter to go to.

The mighty hunter stood up and showed himself to his adversary. The woodchuck, realizing that all avenues of escape had been cut off merely lay there looking at me. I then did something that was totally unlike me. Instead of killing him then and there, I moved as close to the thing as possible.

The thing immediately put up a defense. It was kind of pathetic to see such a small mammal try to defend itself against such insurmountable odds. I stood there watching it clicking its teeth in a false ferocity. From behind me, came Dave's voice, "kill him". It sounded like a Roman citizen calling to a gladiator. Slowly I walked around behind the animal so that he could reach his hole. Pity had overwhelmed me and playing God, I gave him life.

RONALD COOPER



"Daddy?"



### BIRD MAN

Once in the daytime,  
and once in the night,  
I got the impression,  
that I was in flight.  
So I went to the doctor  
and he told me two things,  
that I neither had brains,  
nor did I have wings.

Paul T. Shepherd

### THE SPRING SNOWFALL

The snowfall looked so beautiful to me;  
As the flakes floated down to make a white sea.  
The drifts were like the ocean's tide;  
Below them all sorts of life would hide.  
For in the morning when the storm was down;  
The actual beauty had just begun.  
The trees were all silhouetted in white;  
As they stalk ghost like all through the night.  
Then the very next morning it had all gone away;  
For it was just a spring snowfall that only lasted one day.

A. MacAulay

### TRIPS TO THE MOON

gazing and amazing from space

out there alone in the sea  
sailing on and on and back  
with craters in their pockets

and me and my sea  
my pockets hold star fish and shells  
and my days and nights are successful too

Why I found seven perfect clam shells  
and I loved you  
and I counted as many as fifty ice cubes  
carried to shore on the wings of winter's sea  
but my ocean goes beyond the shoreline  
up past the dunes

I found a rusty old quarter  
but to me it's a long distance to the moon.

Jeff Dolan



"And the Papa bear said 'Who's been  
sleeping in my bed...'"

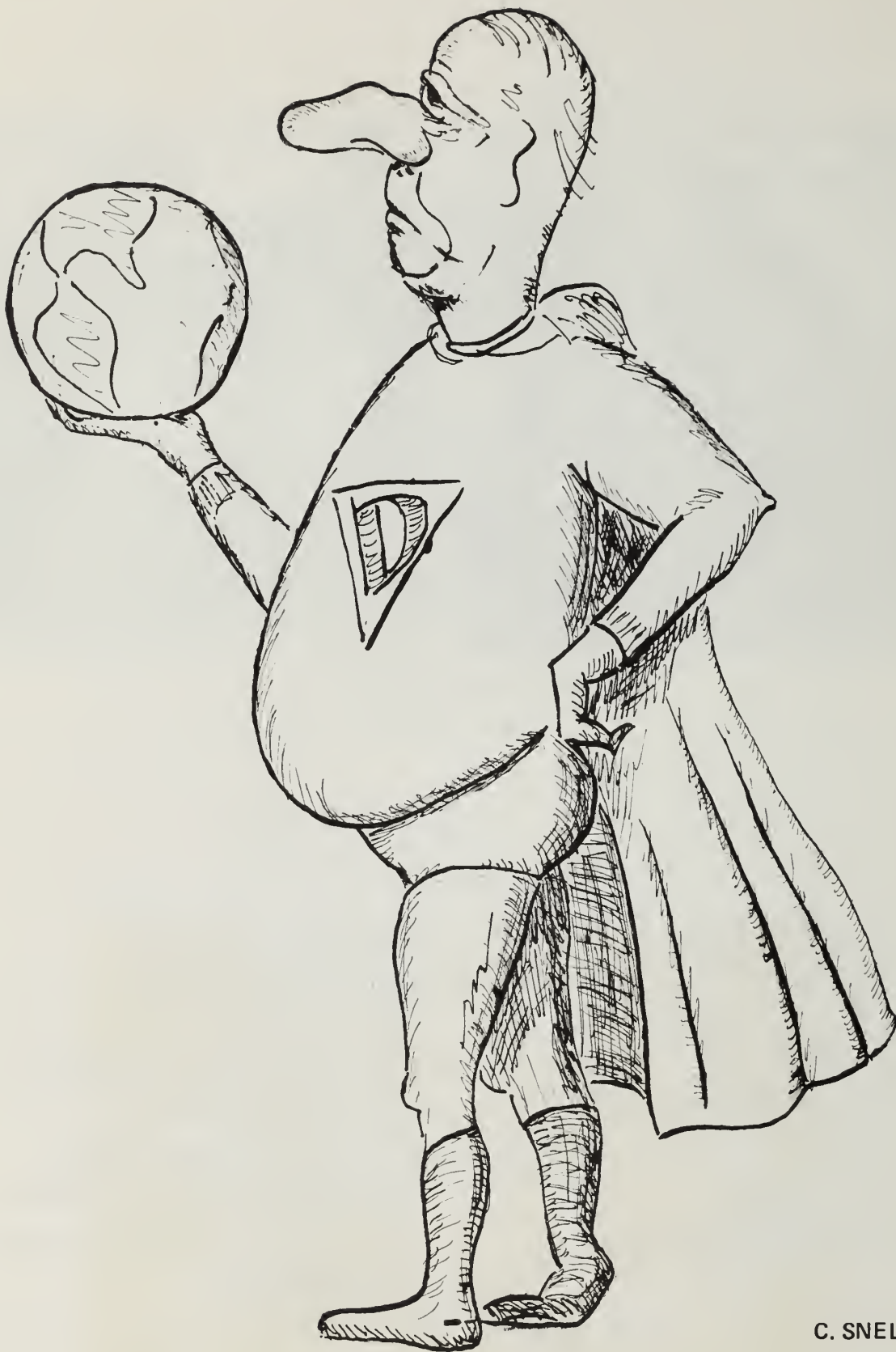
the ships of moon sail on  
through the universe searching  
and discovering the new  
Died: Ralph McGill 70  
the conscience, a prize winning soul  
Died: Boris Karloff 81  
the portrait of imagination  
for the theater's only horror is stagnation  
Died: Giovanni Martinelli 81  
a certain melody  
we've all got civil rights  
and no plots or messages  
we have electrically composed music  
Praise ye our father oh computer all mighty

Jeff Dolan

But I'm still out here passing  
through snow and summers  
my ship sails  
through ice cream and rain  
nothing you know is heavy on the brain  
we are all children  
for the ships men sail have method on the path  
no longer are feats in the name of God  
there is no love lost here  
they all know what they can't see  
the churches are small but empty  
no mystical secrets are to be divulged  
building rise  
they rise to heaven showing man's power  
showing man's love  
for himself

Jeff Dolan





**PEACE JUSTICE — AND — THE DeGAULLE WAY**

TV.....

## The Fullfillment of Fantasy

The other night I decided to watch the awesome messenger of the mass media, the television. I soon became dizzy and quite sick to my stomach after watching several men and women of various professions stake their entire careers on the fact that Sanks is indeed the best coffee. The only thing that separates the Saturday morning cartoons from a regular evening's programming is that one is animated. You can sit and watch a "special" of perhaps an hours' duration which was taped a year and a half ago, or you can watch commercials all night with a few programs, thrown in to maintain your interest. Any way you look at it, TV has become more addicting than any drug, and they both serve the same function, to provide an escape.

The "talk shows" have been the current rage of late. They are a platform for a collection of phonies to throw lovely floral arrangements at each other. In all their sincerity, most of what they say is about as valid as a get-well card from chairman Mao.

The talk shows have also produced some fine talent, Rip Taylor, Dr. Joyce Brothers, Ultra-Violet and none other than Henry Morgan.

Once in a great while, they have a guest who has a bit of intelligence, but he is quickly ridiculed and put down by his host. These shows are always done before a live but giddy studio audience. I wonder where they get all these people with a seemingly wonderful sense of humor? TV programming is becoming so bad that even the "stars" are watching it.

Most people say they can not be hypnotized. But every evening, starting with the lulling murmurs of Huntley and Brinkley to the "that's it for tonight's" of the late evening news, millions are held captive by an over-grown light bulb.

There is, however, some good in TV. The NET is the most progressive of all the networks. But after all, who wants to be educated? Most people would rather watch tales of an "old west" that exists only in a Hollywood studio. Or they can watch a ridiculous situation comedy with a laughing tape recorder to provide the giggles.

How does Ed Sullivan get a job that requires him to run out on stage every week and read off a few words and then be recognized as one of TV's "greats"? Well, if I knew, I wouldn't be writing this article, but don't write to me, write to Anthony LeCamera, he really knows what's happening. After all, he watches TV and I don't.

CARL GOULET



"I told you Hubert wouldn't eat his spinach."



# Ah! Spring and Love

Yes, spring has arrived once more to our lovely little city of Haverhill. You can see it in the air and on the faces of friends.

All the lovely, young girls who have been hibernating winter-long are bubbling through the streets in their new mini-frock, anxiously seeking a spring time love. For everyone knows that in the spring, a young man's fancy turns to love.

So has it been through the centuries, and the trend, I believe, will continue in the future.

To verify the romantic prediction, I have spoken to several young ladies.

"My, you are looking fine this spring morning, Susan. Tell me does it still hold true that in the spring, a young man's fancy turns to love?"

"Man, all winter long I was fine for Tom. We tuned in, turned on and dropped out together through every storm. But now the lousy warm weather is here, and all he thinks about is bikes, bikes, bikes. Look, there he goes now.

Hope you kill yourself, creep!

See? He didn't even look. I don't care, man. Love is for the birds. It's not 'in' anymore, anyway."

"Well, UH, Susan....Susan?"

The little lady just thumbed down a ride to the beach in a trailer truck. She will probably meet her beau by the sea and spring fever will inevitably bring them together.

Yes, times have changed, but I'm sure that in the majority of cases, spring will turn a man's fancy toward love.

"Nancy, my dear, your, uh, costume today is stunning. If you will permit me. Do you feel that the spring season will haunt a fellow to look for love?"

"It's hip, sir. Love is definitely hip. Love flowers, love animals and insects, love your fellow human being."

"Nancy, I was referring to boy loving girl, as in matrimony."

"No, man. Marriage is out. Everyone is together, everyone loves each other. No boy loving girl. It's boys loving boys and girls. Dig?"

"Do you often sit on the sidewalk like this, Nancy?"

"I'm meditating, sir. It's hip to meditate. It's also hip to love everybody, but not just one person, especially a person of the opposite sex. That's selfish."

I suppose spring just hasn't reached full bloom yet. There are always a few, who through some troublesome childhood, are left untouched by the sentiment of spring.

Here is an attractive, well educated, young woman I knew before she entered college. I'm sure she will verify the traditional belief of spring.

"Excuse me, Miss, Janie Kor isn't it?"

"Yes, that was my baptismal name. I have since changed it to Antonia Koraflux."

"Oh. Well Antonia, do you feel that the spring will make a young man more aware of young women?"

"Well sir, if you won't mind my saying so, I have absolutely no interest in that field. I am presently staging a sit-in at Brandeis. Now, if you would like to question me on the abolition of Negro inequality permeating our fascist campuses in these so-called United States?"

"Excuse me JEA, uh, Antonia, I believe this is my bus."

Joan Apostolos

## Didn't Know God Was Black

You were brought up to believe  
when you grew up you'd be offered the sun.  
Didn't think you were ever wrong  
to make a slave do what you should have done.

Thought you had it made, right,  
when you married that southern belle.  
The story they've been buyin' at home  
now ain't so easy to sell.

Didn't you hate 'em when they all up and left?  
You had to pick your own cotton.  
Now that you've bombed out a church  
You're thinkin' that's it's all forgotten.

When you died they stood at the gate  
it was your turn to be turned back.  
You left thinkin' you were cheated  
'cause you didn't know God was black.

Carl Goulet

# The Birth Control Controversy.....

## a student forum

Was the Papal edict banning birth control right or wrong? There are many sides to this question. Some say that contraceptives will cause increased sexual promiscuity, and an increased venereal disease rate; other people say that birth control will help hold marriages together, and help a country's economy, and in some cases increase the venereal disease rate.

I am for birth control. My reasons are that I feel neither the government nor the Pope will support my kids; and I have the right to protect not only myself but also my wife and children from the poverty and all the various adversities that come about as a result of poverty. I feel that each married couple should make the decision on its own without pressure from people who don't understand its individual situation. In an age of high birth rate and a low death rate the time should come when a man should be able to go to bed with his wife without worrying about how he is going to feed a new mouth.

I realize that morals may decline by using contraceptives; but this could only happen if the state and federal governments don't take the proper precautions to protect the honest users. As for the venereal disease rate increasing, I doubt this would happen if there were less reason for men to go to sluts and whores who make up the majority of the carriers of these diseases.

In short, I am pro birth control because I feel, properly handled, it will help almost every country in the world.

Phillips Brooks

Recently, the Pope wrote an encyclical banning the use of artificial birth control. I feel that this is a great injustice because now-a-days the cost of raising a family is increasing rapidly. Many people can only afford a certain number of children and others feel that they are not in a position to have any at all. In some countries such as China and India (to name only two) most of the population is starving because there is not enough food to go around. People die in the streets from hunger and disease; this may have been prevented if these people had been able to use contraceptives many years ago.

In our country alone many families are going without necessities because they have too many children to care for. I can use my own family as an example; there are four children in my family and we have been able to live quite comfortably. However, my father's income is not so great that he can afford to have any more children.

When the Pope put his ban on Catholics he was probably thinking of the fact that God put men and women on earth to love and adore Him and also to reproduce and give Him more children.

All this makes sense to me and I can fully understand how the Pope feels; but I also feel that he is unjust in putting the ban on all Catholics. It should be left up to individual husband and wife as to whether or not they should use birth control because some people are capable of having ten children where others only two.

Another way in which I feel the Pope is wrong is that sex makes up a fairly large portion of married life. It is the union of love between a husband and wife, and the Pope is depriving married couples the right to engage in sex. This, to me, is very very wrong.

Perhaps Pope Paul has other, more concrete reasons for the ban he has put on Catholics, but it will be very hard for him to enforce this ban because people, though they don't want to go against the church, feel that they have to live within their own means. Maybe someday the Pope will realize this and drop the ban. Not only will this ease the way Catholics feel now, but it will also keep many Catholics from leaving the Catholic Church.

Cheryl Zakia

Should a mortal man be allowed to dictate to other mortals whether they should be allowed to have or not to have children? Should one man tell another man he can not use contraceptives, and expect him to follow blindly his word?

To ask any person, even the most devout, to control or have someone else control his personal and private life, to me, is close to attempting to create dictatorship. The Papal encyclical banning birth control through the use of contraceptives is in my opinion, an example of this attempt to control the lives of people.

Does a man in Rome have an insight to God that other men do not? So much of an insight that he can command all of his faith to practice only natural birth control, or be sinners in the eyes of whom? his? or God's?

Certainly, it is recognized that the Pope is most holy, and because of his position in the Church-closest to God. However, is he close enough to dictate to the masses his own personal feelings, and then expect something so controversial as birth control to be accepted because he pronounced it so?

If contraceptives are banned, being realistic and slightly sordid - what would the illegitimacy rate be?

If you are able to answer these questions, and still remain firmly in favor of birth control, then you are to be congratulated. If, on the other hand, there is still doubt in your mind, read this again and be objective! Let not your love of the Church mist your eyes and cover what the real world is.

**Don Andersen**

The recent Papal edict banning Catholics from practicing birth control has not only created a controversial stir throughout the world, but has also caused insubordination among the clergy of the church as well. Many of the young priests have been openly defiant and consequently punished.

My belief is that the practice of birth control is of an extremely personal nature to be decided on by husband and wife with regard to their individual situation, health, welfare and consideration of other children in the family.

Is it right for a couple to bring ten children into the world and deprive them of necessities of life, when perhaps had they limited their family they could afford to give them adequate food, clothing, shelter and the education so desperately needed in today's society? God's will they say! Is it God's will that children should die of emaciation in India and

other parts of the world? I cannot accept this.

The reasons for the ban on birth control are not fully explained in the forty page encyclical. In fact, for the most part, no reasons are given. The church seems to have adopted the attitude that we are educated adults capable of solving our personal and civic problems, capable of selecting our law makers and government officials and maintaining the right to question decisions of their officials, (the church advocates this in their policy of providing refuge to those seeking to avoid the draft), yet we are NOT capable of deciding the size of our families and do NOT have the right to question the rules set for us by our religious leaders. I am not aware of any reference to birth control in the Ten Commandments. In my opinion the majority of the other rules have been man made and are tentative. (ie. eating meat on Friday).

One point among clergy and laymen alike has been that with the availability of contraceptive means, the morals of the recipients would decay. This could not be further from the truth. By alleviating the strain and worry involved in raising a large family and by removing the fear of pregnancy a man and wife may plan their family and meet their needs without physical and emotional hardships. Furthermore, recent surveys estimate that between six and six and a half million women are taking oral contraceptives in the United States. With this figure in mind can you honestly say that the morals of this country are presently in a state of decay, in comparison with the twenties or the forties?

In conclusion, I must agree with those of the clergy who openly dissent with the Papal encyclical, for I cannot perceive that the merciful and just God, I have been taught to love since childhood, would forbid birth control and by so doing eliminate the means of controlling the population of the world and easing human suffering.

**P. Garwich**

## **ANTIGONE**

Softly she smiled at him--  
Her eyes gazing shyly,  
Wistfully watching  
All the while she  
Thought to herself  
'Tis a strange feeling yielding  
From the depths of my heart  
I should be concealing!

**Robert Draine**



# The Marijuana Question.....

## a student forum

### *Ten Views*

Go to a party, fall on a few people, break a few ashtrays, get sick and drive home. It's legal.

Go to a party, sit down, relax, hold a conversation, get sleepy and drive home. It's illegal..

Prolonged use of alcohol causes diseases and death.

Abuse of marijuana results in still unknown effects, but they couldn't be much worse.

I feel it should be legal. I believe every individual has a right to choose his own form of enjoyment.

\* \* \* \* \*

The topic is extremely uninteresting to me because I detest smoking. The general consensus I get of why people smoke "grass" is that they get a feeling of elation or "highness". I have, in this respect, no intention of getting high or elated because smoking a "reefer" or "joint" doesn't particularly get me excited. To put it plainly, I think there are better things in life to do. I'd rather go out and have a good time, go visit some other part of the country, or read a good book.

Some people that I have talked to that smoke "grass" say that when they get high "they're somewhere else". If I go somewhere else I want to take my body with me.

As for the legal aspect of grass, to me smoking is smoking. Most have a chronic cough or other mild symptoms that one could do without. To me, speaking as an outsider, to ban marijuana one would have to ban all kinds of smoking. Smoking gives the user small harmful effects that are unpleasant to those around him or her. Who wants to hear a person coughing, see him spilling ashes, or watch him blow a good amount of his pay every week on cigarettes. Also, smoking is an extremely uncomfortable atmosphere to those who are non-smokers. If I want to inhale smoke I'll join the fire department.

\* \* \* \* \*

To start off with, marijuana should be legalized. Many changes are needed in regard to

our present drug laws.

It has been proven to be a harmless, non narcotic and should be classified as such.

I have smoked it for almost two years and within that period I have not had any physical or mental breakdown, have functioned normally, and have done well in school.

Parents should also be informed about marijuana and not the ridiculous garbage written by the so-called "experts". LSD, heroin, etc. should definitely not be legalized.

More "drug rehabilitation centers", should stress the harms of LSD etc. instead of marijuana.

It would be a great cure for insomnia.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the problems that almost every college campus is plagued with is the student's use of marijuana. I use the word problem because that's exactly what I believe it is. Disregarding the fact of whether it is harmful or not to smoke marijuana, the word problem must be used since there are state and national laws forbidding its use.

However, since many laws are often broken, and - usually - amended - or - completely obliterated after some years, the unlawfulness of the drug is one of its less important offenses.

With the idea in mind that we, (that is our society in general) are educated, civilized people, we can naturally enough be expected to have the capability of seeing our world in its true aspects. When a person smokes marijuana, he is making his mind susceptible to many distortions and delusions. This type of fantasy is enjoyed by "grass" smokers, if it was not, they would probably never smoke again.

Therefore, the answer remains, that these people are so unappreciative of the world they are living in, (or else they are too un-educated, uncivilized and incapable of acting facts), that they resort to taking a drug which makes them see what is not.

These people belong to one of the few groups that I feel should be pitied. They feel their knowledge and reasons are not good enough for happiness. They give themselves no credit for their natural abilities. Thus, the more they depend on "grass", the lesser they become as men.

# To Fly High?

It obviously is not up to any one individual to judge the legality of getting 'high', and I question the right of the majority to condemn such actions. Although I, at the tender age of 22, have yet to drift upon some distant cloud after inhaling this mystical potion – I admit I'm not too old a dog to learn new tricks. From observing my many friends who have indulged in this wandering from the scene bit I must confess it is tempting – almost too tempting.

Smoking is seemingly not as vulgar as excessive drinking – which I cannot deny – and is relatively less expensive.

I therefore conclude that if getting 'hooked' on marijuana is the feeling of being high, happy and far away from the realities of this world – I'm all for it.

\* \* \* \* \*

To me, in our modern times, a person who needs to depend on drugs, whether LSD or marijuana, is in a sad situation. By using these drugs, all they do is enter into a "fairy-land" environment where everything exists as they see fit. It would be nice if such a place did exist, but but it doesn't and adults should take a realistic attitude. Marijuana will not make your life any better. It may for a short time, but then what? All one has left is a big letdown. Anyone that needs marijuana to enliven and perhaps satisfy his life is not a true adult. Face up to things and don't depend on it as a panacea. "All my friends use it." So what? Be an individual. I'm not going to dwell on the so-called theory that it harms your health. That is not my argument. I just feel that smoking marijuana will not make your own "personal" world better to live with. After your "trip" the problems are still there no matter how you look at them. I'm only stating that if we truly feel we're old enough to be considered adults, we should face up to the problems in life without being dependent on marijuana, and try to solve them by looking at them realistically and without creating another problem-creating marijuana to make life better.

A person says he is doing his own thing by taking marijuana. I think a person is being foolish by taking it. Marijuana makes a person feel high but sooner or later you want more of a high so you start taking more harmful drugs.

The way I look at it, I would much rather stick with beer. I could never get a big kick out of smoking marijuana. A person is supposed to feel something when he is high and I suppose he does but what happens when he comes down again from that high. He finds himself facing reality again. What is the person supposed to do – stay high for as long as he is awake?

For myself I could not care less whether a person is taking it or not, it is his life. If a person wants to ruin his own life that is his prerogative. A person can not run another person's life. The person involved with marijuana though should have some insight of his own to know right from wrong.

\* \* \* \* \*

It has been said that the use of marijuana can lead to other addicting drugs which could cause both physical and psychological harm to a person. I do not think that this applies to a majority of the users. It is also known that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol. Many of the kids who use marijuana use it just to have a good time for themselves. It's the same to them as if they are drinking alcohol. The sensations are very similar. The kids who use it are not really bad kids, and most of them never do anyone any harm at all.

Truthfully, I think that the use of marijuana is being blown up just as prohibition was some 40 years ago. When somebody gets caught with possession or selling of marijuana, the papers make them seem like hardened criminals or derelicts from society. When a kid is found guilty, it usually ruins his reputation for me. It also causes great embarrassment for his family. I see no reason why marijuana should not be legalized. Let's face it, not everyone who uses alcohol turns into an alcoholic.

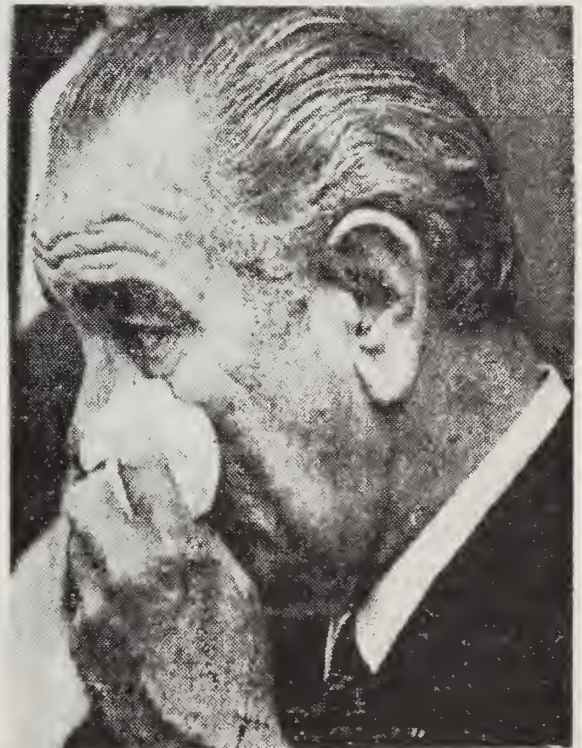
The marijuana issue has been hashed and rehashed for some time now. People probably are sick of hearing about this subject but to me the importance of this issue demands time, thought and serious action before it's too late. I cannot fully express how dangerous I feel this drug is. Maybe it is non-habit forming but I have known of a person who started off with "Mary Jane" and has experimented with other drugs. Her future at this point is very questionable. This is actually why I feel so strongly opposed to the drug.

Maybe many people who take marijuana are satisfied only with this drug, but I only hope they will never have the urge to try what many consider as "bigger and better things".

Why should an intelligent, average individual take marijuana? I ask myself this question and I get no answer. Maybe you can answer it and do something to help combat the problem.

\* \* \* \* \*

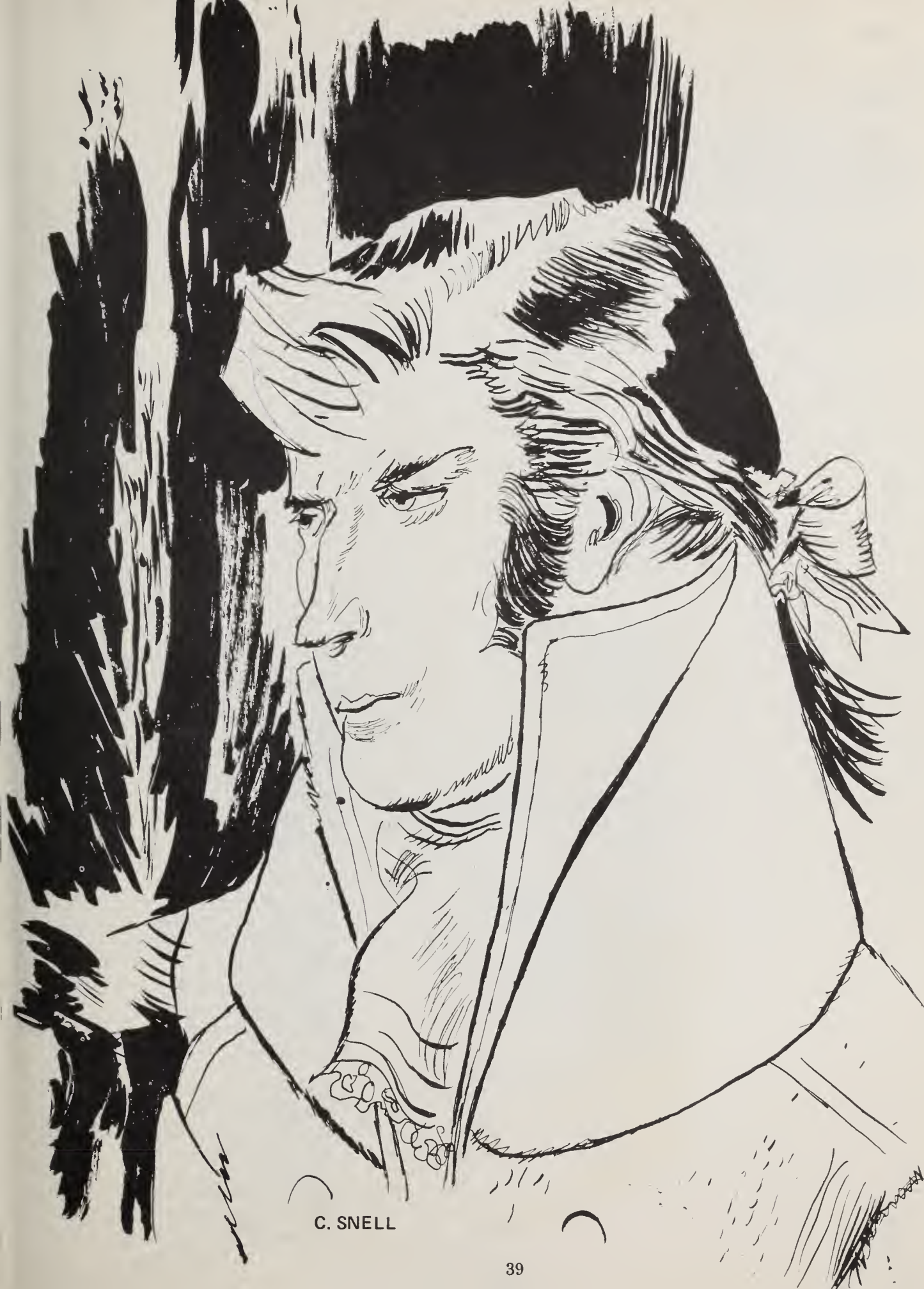
For the past few years drug abuse has been a seemingly major problem, but this is not so. All though the twentieth century much dope traffic has gone on. With all the newspapers printing material about drugs, the popularity has increased because of such an interest made by the police in having the public informed. With all the rumors going around about drugs something should be done to make the government make an extensive report on the issue and change all the state laws accordingly. Drug abuse is dangerous, but the different drugs should be listed, as to allow some drugs to get on the market that are not there now.



"We Tried."







C. SNELL

## A WORD

A word is hateful, biting and cruel,  
sharper than the keenest edge  
A word is colors, pastels and darks  
painting a landscape of thoughts

A word can be sculptured to an image of God  
with white of virginity pure  
Then turned to a monster devouring truth  
and raping the ears of youth

Carl Goulet

## THE BUS

Here comes the bus  
thank god  
a little late  
take me away

I need to see the river  
through the trees  
and lose myself  
in the quiet waters  
i'm drowning

it is late  
and the sun is dying  
how many have followed  
it down today  
i have

i need to be home where  
i can lock the door  
draw the blinds  
then sit in the dark  
and listen to everyone  
who has ever died  
they say  
you are one of us

C.W. Dorealt

## LOVE WAS LIKE BREATH

Here is her picture  
all that remains  
here in her room  
painted in pain  
Why did she chose  
to leave this behind  
or is this a trick  
of a grieving mind?

Here lies a note  
ink blurred with tears  
It tells how she couldn't  
cope with her fears  
Is there an answer  
for girls like herself  
in some unread book  
on a library shelf

Here at the service  
a handful of one  
He cries at the thought  
of what could've become  
Unknowing that to him  
her love was like breath  
He sits in his room  
she was all he had left

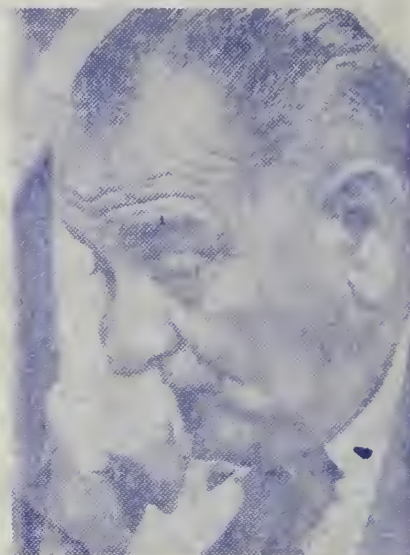
Carl Goulet







"Dirksy talks with a wet mouth,  
pass it on."



Maybe in 1970 I'll become  
President of the Moon



"What bird?"



"A little more to the left and  
I'll squash the little  
bugger."